

T H E Vertuous Young Maids W I S H.

To the Tune of the Old Mans Wish.

I.

I Am a Young Maid,
And Daily am Taught
That many Young Women
Are turn'd to be Naught,
But ne'er let me meet with
A Sweet-Heart so Hallow,
As to Wheedle me in,
Their Foot-steps to follow.

*The Friends should forsake me
And Beauty decay;
And Riches take their Wings,
And quite Fly away;
Let me have a good Name,
Until my last Day,
Until my-----last Day.*

II.

Let my Master be Civil,
Not Hasty nor Proud;
But Real and Honest,
Wife, Upright and Good.
With a Mistress that's Sober,
Both Vertuous and Just;
And I be a Servant,
Deserving their Trust.

The Friends should Forsake me, &c.

III.

With a Bible in Pocket,
And Needle in my Hand;
To Answer Discretly,
And be at Cammand.
Let ne'er my Intentions
A Bad thing design:
And still let my Cloaths be
More fitting than fine.

The Friends should forsake me, &c.

IV.

With good Table Beer,
And Wholsome good Fare,
No Painting, or Patching,
Nor Curling of Hair:
But Grave in Apparel,
And sober in Food,
I truly may merit
A Name that is Good.

The Friends should forsake me, &c.

V.

And if a Young-Man
(Whom I Love as my Life)
Should Wed me, and make me
His Married Wife;
Let us live still Contented,
Our Lively-hood such
As none may Repent it,
Not Poor, nor too Rich.

The Friends should forsake me, &c.

VI.

And when I am Weded,
Let other Maids say
An Honest Young Virgin
Is Married to Day:
When a Girl, she was Modest,
When a Maid, she was Chast,
Not Vain, nor Presumptuous,
Belov'd of the Best.

*The her Friends should forsake her,
Her Beauty Decay;
And Wealth (like a Vapour)
Should Vanish away,
She'll prove a good Woman
Until her last Day,
Until her-----last Day.*



L O N D O N, Printed by George Croom, at the Sign of the Blue-Ball in
Thames-street, over against Baynard's-Castle. 1685.